
Title: Story of an Angel II

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I awake to the cool feel
of liquid running over
my lips. I blink my
eyes, then lap
thirstily at the
delicious water that
pours into my mouth
by a nameless source.
My eyes finally slide
open only to get a
glimpse of my savior.
He is fairly tall
with deep blue eyes,
like the sky before a
storm. His blond hair
was tousled as he was
kneeling at my side my
head resting in his
firm hand, the other
holding the drink for
me. I was so busy
taking in all the details
of where I was, I
begin to choke. I
sputter and cough
and sat up straight
with a fierce jerk. It
was so sudden that it
knocks the poor
young man backwards
off the small stool he
had been upon. I got
my bearings up
enough to talk. "Who
are you?" I ask my
eyes rolling over the
room to see if I could
determine my
whereabouts. "My
name is Tyral." He
says eyeing me
cautiously. I try to
stand but my knees
sink from hunger and
I fall into Tyral's
ready arms. He
laughs at my
weakness and I dislike

him for doing so. I
place my feet firmly
and again try to stand.
It is a more
successful attempt
but I am overcome by a
wave of dizziness.
My eyes flutter
about. "What am I
doing here?" The
name Tyrall suddenly
seems very familiar.
Yet I can not quite
remember from
where I heard it
from. "I found you,"
He begins sitting me
up against the wall of
the tent. "You were
lost in the desert, I
believe." My
memories slowly come
tumbling back, yet I
can not remember my
name... Its so strange.
I look back up at Tyrall
who is again staring
at me. My eyes flare
with anger and fear!!!
He was a student of
evil!! I begin to scream
and he looks startled
and tries to shush me.
I scream, and claw at
the tent frantically.
I feel his hands grab
my shoulders and pull
me back, hard. He
clamps a hand over
my mouth. My eyes
glow brilliant with
fear. I know that even
if I do escape I have
no place to go. I stop
struggling and just
cry. A look of pure
concern crosses his
face, he starts talking
hurriedly. "Oh, please
don't cry!" He makes
nervous motions with
his hands. "Shhh,
shhh, don't cry." He
starts to brush my
tears away. I look up
at him confused.
"What's your name?"
He asks his beautiful

eyes gazing steadily
into mine. "I..." I look
away rather
embarrassed. "I don't
remember..." He lifts
my head gently. My
tears spill over my
flushed cheeks. "I
will call you... Lana." I
raise an eyebrow
questioningly. He
continues. "It means,
she who cries." I
think for a moment
then sit back, smiling.
"Lana..." I say it to
myself over again.
"Lana... I like it. I close
my eyes and fall
asleep. The rest, is,
well, history.